

BING TYLER AND HIS FLYING BALL

SCRIPT No. 10

STATION \_\_\_\_\_

DATE \_\_\_\_\_

TIME \_\_\_\_\_

Production Notes:

CAST -

Bing Tyler  
Bob Anderson  
Professor Tyler  
Ann Stevens  
Ichabod  
Kilgore  
Announcer

The outdoor effect can be produced by a sound record I know to be in use - however, I haven't the number or the name of the maker. It's not a too important effect - and could be cut if necessary without a disastrous effect on the show.

Charles Gussman

BING TYLER AND HIS FLYING BALL  
Script Number ten

ANNOUNCER: (ON CUE) Bing - Tyler - and - his - Flying - Ball!

BIZ: AIRPLANE POWER DIVE - DISSOLVE BEHIND -

THEME: ESTABLISH AND FADE TO -

ANNOUNCER: Once again we follow Bing Tyler, brave and brilliant  
young flyer, <sup>down</sup> ~~then~~ the trail of adventure and excitement  
that has attended his experiments with the amazing  
flying ball.

THEME: OUT

ANNOUNCER: ( C O M M E R C I A L )

BIZ: AIRPLANE POWER DIVE - AS BEFORE - FADE BEHIND -

ANNOUNCER: In last nights episode, you remember, things took an  
unexpected turn. Professor Tyler, Bing's father, though  
still confined to his bed, has made a great discovery: a  
formula that will increase the efficiency of the strange  
"M" fluid tenfold - allowing not only a greater cruising  
range for the Flying Ball - but also for greater speed and  
power. Professor Tyler had called Bing and his friend, Bob  
Anderson, to his room - and was just completing his  
description of the improved "M" fluid when Bing has a feeling  
someone is listening at the door. He moved silently to the  
door - and quickly opened it - and there, tray in hand,  
stands <sup>Stevens</sup> ~~Anny~~, Professor Tyler's trusted Nurse!

(PAUSE)

BING: (SOTTO VOCE) Keep talking, Dad. I think there is someone at  
the door.

TYLER: (INTERRUPTED) Eh? What did you - ?



BOB: (GRASPING SITUATION) Just how much will this new formula increase the flying range, Professor?

PROFESSOR: Eh? - the flying range? Oh, yes. Well <sup>(GOING AWAY)</sup> according to my figures - (you'll have to test it in the laboratory to be sure) The vacuum area created by the spray of the "M" fluid should be ~~INC~~REASed at least ten times, if not more and -

BIZ: DOOR - ON MIKE - BEING OPENED QUICKLY AND VIOLENTLY  
(DRAMATIC PAUSE)

BING: Ann! You!

ANN: (UNDISTURBED - WALKING PAST MIKE) Thanks for opening the door for me. How did you know I had my hands full.

BING: I didn't know that -

ANN: (SLIGHTLY AWAY - INTERRUPTING) - Here's your supper, Professor Tyler. Y' hungry?

TYLER: I was so interested in what we've been talking about that I almost forgot that I haven't eaten.

BING: Ann - how long were you standing outside that door?

ANN: (COMING IN) When? - just now? I just was going to set the tray down to open the door when you obliged.

BOB: Then you hadn't been there for any time? - maybe a minute or so?

ANN: Why - of course not?

BING: And you weren't listening at the door before you came in?

ANN: Listening at the door? Certainly not! Why would I - (BREAKS OFF) Say - what is this? Is something wrong?

BING: I distinctly had a feeling that somebody was listening to what we were saying - somebody on the other side of that door. I'm (not usually) <sup>wary</sup> about those things.

ANN: Why - Kilgore would have seen me if I had been there.

BING: Why would Kilgore have seen you? Where is he?

ANN: Wasn't he just in here with you?

BING: He certainly was not!

BOB: What made you think Kilgore was in here with us?

ANN: I - I passed him in the hallway - walking away from this room.

BING: When was that?

ANN: Just before you ~~knocked~~ opened the door for me.

TYLER: That's strange. Henry hasn't been -

BING: (INTERRUPTING) This is all very strange.

ANN: You don't think I was eavesdropping on you, do you?

(LAUGHINGLY) Heaven's, I can't make heads nor tails of anything you men say when you get together.

BING: Did Kilgore say anything when you passed him?

ANN: Nothing particularly. Mumbled something about looking for the professor. (PAUSE) Need anything, Professor Tyler? If not I'll get back to the kitchen.

TYLER: No - no, I think I have everything here that I need. Thank you, Ann.

ANN: ~~Exit~~ (GOING AWAY) Well - if you do want me I'll be in the kitchen - or down by the spring.

BING: (CALLING AFTER HER) Oh, Ann!

ANN: (AWAY) Yes?

BING: You needn't say anything to Kilgore about this. It isn't important.

ANN: Right!

BIZ: DOOR OPEN AND CLOSE - AWAY -

(SHORT PAUSE AFTER DOOR IS CLOSED)



BOB: Well! - what do you make of that?

BING: I don't know what to think. There was somebody listening at that door - that's certain.

TYLER: You can see that that's impossible, Bing. Either Ann or Henry would have seen the person - if there was somebody.

BING: (MUSING) Ummm. What about Ann, Dad? - what do you know about her?

TYLER: Ann? Why - why, just what I've told you. She's the daughter of Doctor Stevens - an old friend of mine.

BING: How did you happen to hire her?

TYLER: Well - shh - she just came to me wanting to know if I knew of someone who could use her services. You see, Doctor Stevens died three months ago; the girl has to work - and she's really fine person.

BING: Why did she come to you for a job?

TYLER: Ummm - that's the most natural thing in the world. Her father was my dearest friend; she knew she would come to me.

BOB: What about Kilgore, Professor Tyler?

TYLER: Kilgore Kilgore's ~~Tyler? ~~Tyler~~~~ a very talented young man - promising. He's been a great help to me.

BING: (SLOWLY) Just how much have you told him about the flying ball?

TYLER: Oh - I've not confided my complete plans to him - if that's what you mean. He's handled only certain details of a general nature.

BING: Has he expressed an interest in what you're trying to do, Dad?

TYLER: Interest? Why - well, he does his work - and seems to be interested enough.

BING: No-no - I mean, has he ever asked you just what you're trying to accomplish.

TYLER: (THOUGHTFULLY) Ummmm - no - no, I can't recall any -

BING: (INTERRUPTING) Well, I think you'd best keep as many of the details of importance in Bob's and my hands.

TYLER: I'm sure that Henry can be trusted. He's a fine young fellow.

BING: That may be, Dad - but we want to be careful. Some of the things that have been happening around here lately seem a little odd to me.

TYLER: Nonsense - stuff and nonsense! You'll have me looking under my bed every night before going to sleep if you keep up this sort of thing. You get out of here now - and let me finish my supper.

BING: Well - just be careful, Dad. Remember - everybody is not as honest as you are.

BOB: Come on, Bing. Your father wants quiet.

TYLER: (GOODNATUREDLY) Your right, Bob. I'm like a python in that respect. When I'm digesting I don't like to be disturbed.  
(ALL LAUGH - TYLER'S LAUGH FADING AWAY)

BIZ: DOOR OPEN - IN

BING: We'll be back in an hour or so, Dad.

TYLER: (AWAY) If I'm asleep don't dare stir me!

BIZ: DOOR CLOSE - IN - TWO MEN WALKING ACROSS WOOD FLOOR \* HOLD -  
(BING AND BOB CHUCKLE)

BOB: Your father is in high spirits this evening.

BING: Yep - he'll be up in a day or two.  
(PAUSE)

BOB: By the way - what do you think of all this business?

BING: The person at the door?

BOB: Yes. You must have imagined it.

BING: Ummmm - I'm sure that's not true. Somebody was at that door.



BOB:            Ann?

BING:           Perhaps.

BOB:           What about Kilgore?  
                 puts

BING:           Dad ~~has~~ a lot of trust in Kilgore. I wouldn't want to say  
                 that it was he. It might have been that he just - err - just  
                 had an honest curiosity about what Dad's work.

BOB:           He is something of a scientist himself; it could be that.

BING:           It might be that they were both listening at the door.

BOB:           (WARNINGLY) Shhhh! Ann's in the kitchen.

BING:           Yeah - that's right. (CALLING) Ann! Bob and I will be in  
                 the laboratory in case Dad want~~s~~ us.

ANN:           (AWAY) Okay. I'll have a little supper ready for you two when  
                 you get back.

BIZ:           OPENING DOOR

BING:           After you, Bob.

BIZ:           FADE IN OUTDOOR SOUNDS - CRICKETS AND SUCH - DOOR CLOSE

BOB:           (DEEP BREATH) Ummmmmm - nice night.

BING:           Swell. (PAUSE - THEN CALLING) Ikky! Ichabod!

BOB:           What do you want with Ich? He's usually down by the big  
                 pine until about eight-thirty -

BING:           Unless he's eating. (CALLING) Ich! Ichabod!

ICH:           (FAR AWAY) I'm comin', Mister Bing!

BOB:           Ich's mother had marvelous foresight when she named him  
                 Ichabod. I don't know of another name that would fit him so  
                 well.

BING:           (CHUCKLING) He is a little on the slow side, sure enough.  
                 But you don't want to underestimate him; for all his rustic  
                 ways he's nobody's fool.

BOB:           I didn't mean it that way. I just meant -

ICH: (COMING IN) Did ya wunt me for sumpthin', Mr. Bing?

BING: Yes - Ich. I want to ask you some questions.

ICH: I reckon there ain't much I know that you don't, Mister Bing - but if I know it you're welcome to it. My big brother, Pruvis, always sez if a feller is kinda short about ~~shut~~ tellin' whut he knows sometimes doesn't know much. I always thought that was pretty smart sayin' - even if my own brother wuz the one that sed it. I had an uncle that -

BING: (INTERRUPTING) I haven't asked you anything yet, Ich.

ICH: (A TRIFFLE BAFFLED) Huh? I don't get -

BING: I was going to ask you something. Remember?

ICH: Oh, shore - I guess I was jes' talkin' too much, Mister Bing. I get so's I think to myself <sup>so much</sup> that I kinda forget ~~shut~~ when I'm a-talkin' to people.

BING: What I want to know is this: Have you seen anybody moving about in the last ten or fifteen minutes?

ICH: (BLANKLY) Movin' about?

BING: Yes - I mean, have you seen any strangers in the neighbourhood in the last few minutes.

ICH: (SLOWLY) Well - let me think. I did see a -

(PAUSE)

BOB: You did see a what?

ICH: I was just thinkin' - it mighta been an Oriole - or it coulda been a lady thrush.

BOB: (LET DOWN) Oh - a bird.

ICH: Sure. It was dark or I coulda told you exactly which it wuz.

BING: But have you seen a person - a man - or a woman?  
(AGGRAVATINGLY SLOW)

ICH: No - no, I haven't.

BING: You're sure of that?



BOB: Couldn't it have been that you were gazing up in a tree looking at that Oriole while -

ICH: (INTERJECTING) It coulda been a lady thrush. I was dark and -

BING: Forget about the bird, Ich. What Bob suggests is that perhaps somebody came up the trail while you were watching the bird.

ICH: Oh, gosh no, Mister Bing. I coulda heard anybody that tried to go up that trail.

BOB: Hear 'em! Why you are - well, at least fifty yards from the trail where you perch.

ICH: ~~Snucks~~ - I can hear a twig snap a hundred yards a way. I'll show you. I'll gox over there on that clump and you -

BING: We haven't time for hearing demonstrations, Ich. I guess nobody went past in the last few minutes.

ICH: Is - is somethin' wrong, Mister Bing?

BING: We don't know, Ich - but we do know that something we know <sup>on</sup> nothing about is going a round here.

ICH: Whut y' mean?

BING: It's nothing I can explain right now, Ich - but you keep an eye peeled. (PAUSE) And Ich -

ICH: (AWAY) Yessir?

BING: ~~XXXXXXXXXXXX~~ If somebody tries to leave the place tonight - just in case somebody does - you see that I know about it.

ICH: (AWAY) I sure will.

BING: (CALLING) You'd better stay out till about ten-thirty tonight. (PAUSE)

BOB: What's the matter, Bing? Do you think there's somebody hanging around the camp?

BING: You can never tell. Something's afoot - and we've got to consider all the angles.

BOB: I guessx you're right.

(PAUSE)

BING: Ummm - I must have left the light on in the laboratory when we went in to see Dad.

BOB: Left the light on? No you didn't. I remember seeing you turn it off. (PAUSE) Yes, I'm positive you did.

BING: Well, it's on. (SUDDEN THOUGHT) Say! Could somebody else have turned that light on?

BOB: Gosh! that must be it!

BING: (GOING AWAY - OBVIOUSLY RUNNING) Follow me! - and don't make any noise. We might be able to catch someone in -

BOB: (COMING IN) Look in the window first.

(PAUSE)

BOB: (WHISPER) See anything?

BING: Wait. (PAUSE) No - there's not a soul in there. Come on - let's get in there!

BOB: (SLIGHTLY AWAY) I'm right behind you.

BIZ: DOOR OPEN - FADE OUT OUTDOOR NOISES - DOOR CLOSE -

MEN WALKING ACROSS BOARD FLOOR - AWAY -

BING: Bob! Bob - come here!

BOB: (COMING IN) What is it, Bing?

BING: Were you using this tetroxide before we went into see Dad?

BOB: W-h-y - no - no I haven't used it allday.

BING: Nor have I - but somebody has. Look - the tube is laying out on the bench.

BOB: Well, I know that I -

BING: And this bunsen burner. You didn't use that either, did you?

BOB: No - I didn't.

BING: There's no doubt about it, Bob. Somebody has been here - here in this laboratory while we were away.



BING:TYLER: Page 10

(PAUSE)  
ANNOUNCER: And while Bing and Bob are in the laboratory Ichabod is  
on guard - at his usual vantage point in the scrub tree.  
(PAUSE)

(FADE IN ON)

ICH: (WHISTLING SOFTLY TO SELF - THEN BREAKS OFF - ) (PAUSE)  
Hey! Who's thet?! (PAUSE) Hey! Who is that walkin'? (PAUSE)  
I see ya! Don't you start to rung or I'll -

KILGORE: (COMING IN) Don't get excited, Ichabod. It's only me.

ICH: (COMING IN) Gosh - why didn'tcha say so, Mister Kilgore.  
I thought you might be th -  
(PAUSE)

KILGORE: You thought I might have been whom?

ICH: Well - I didn't know who you mighta been - but Mister Bing  
told me to keep on the lookout for people prowlin' around here  
tonight.

KILGORE: Oh? He did? What's wrong? Has somebody been around?

ICH: I dunno. Mr. Bing sorta thought so. Whut are you goin' out  
here tonight, Mister Kilgore?

KILGORE: (SMOOTHLY) I've been looking for you, Ichabod.

ICH: For me? Whut for?

KILGORE: I want you to do me a little favor.

ICH: A favor? Shore - ef'n I can I will.

KILGORE: You're going in to Waverly for groceries tomorrow, aren't you?

ICH: Yep - Mr. Bing and me.

KILGORE: I'd like for you to take this letter in to Waverly - to the  
post office - and mail it for me. Will you do that for me?

ICH: Shore - I'd be glad to - but you should give it to Mr. Bing.  
He's the one who allus goes to the postoffus.

KILGORE: No-no - Bing mustn't know anything about this letter. Understand

ICH: why would - ?

KILGORE: (INTERRUPTING) It's a secret - a - err - a secret for Bing - and you wouldn't want to tell him and ~~that~~ surprise - would you?

ICH: Why a-course not! (PAUSE) Shore - shore, I'll tell the letter for ya.

ANNOUNCER: Well - that doesn't seem quite right. Kilgore wants to keep something from Bing - and, in the light of what happened tonight, perhaps that letter hold something other than a pleasant surprise for Bing and his friends. A number of puzzling things have happened. What has Ann to do with the mysterious happenings at Professor Binghampton Taylor's laboratory. Well <sup>perhaps</sup> tomorrow we'll know.

( C O M M E R C I A L )

BIZ: AIRPLANE POWER DIVE - DISSOLVE BEHIND -

THEME: START - ESTABLISH - FADE BEHIND -

ANNOUNCER: Don't forget to be here at this same time tomorrow - when we'll continue on the thrilling trail of adventure with -

THEME: OUT ABRUPTLY

Bing - Tyler - and - his - Flying - Ball!

(STATION CUE)